gan Encountered Primitive Indian Tribes with Varying Traits of Honesty, Tranch. ery, and Cannibalism-Tracts Where the Sen Rolled to Ancient Days-Stave Tendme on the Amezon-The Stortes of Wonderful Gold Pincers are Mainly a Myth,

One of the most interesting experiences of my sojourn in Panama was a talk with an American prospector named C. B. Dugan. I had heard of Mr. Dugan before I met him. While talking with Consul-General Adamson one day Mr. Adamson said :

I wish you were going to Ecuador instead of Central America, because I should like to have some one learn the fate of an American who disappeared there some three years ago. He was a prospector from the Bocky Mountains, a sensible, methodical, capable searcher for precious metals, I should judge from his nanner and talk. He called on me and said he was going to look for placer gold on the east slope of the Andes, in Ecuador; was going to the Napo country; in short, where no -hita man had been and see if the traditions of great placer wealth there were true.

"I have seen a good many Americans start after the gold of South America. I saw, for instance, a young man who was en route to develop the riches of Peru with a capital of \$500, and afterward earned his eternal gratitude by getting for him a chance to work his way home in a Pacific Mail steamer. But this ctor was of a different style. He had an prospector was of a different style.

outfit that was just right for the work, and he
had plainly had experience in wild life. So I tried to persuade him not to go: I was convinced that he would be killed and eaten, and I did not like the idea of the states losing such a valuable fellow. However, he landed at Guayaquil and that was the last I heard of



have no doubt he is dead, but one like to know where he was killed and and what he accomplished first. He was eaten and what he accomplished first. He was really as much of an explorer as a prospector. The next day after this talk with the Consul-General I was sitting with a new-found interioral acquaintance, smoking beside the hotel door and looking at the heterogeneous population of the town that passed to and frowhen one of the throng in some way evolved himself, and stopped on the steps.

He was rather tall and slender, had well-knit muscles, clear blue-gray eyes, and black hat and beard. He was good-looking in fact, in spite of the quality and condition of his clothes. Moreover, he carried himself like a man even though his clothing was like that of a man away down on his luck.

Aren't you two Americans?" he asked, in an eager voice.

Agent you two Americans?" he asked, in an eager voice.

"We are," said my friend, putting his hand into his pocket for a quarter.

"Well. I'm d—d glad to hear you say it," he said with emphasis. "I've been three and a half years out of the world, and you don't know how much good it does me to meet one of my own kind. What will you take?"

My friend draw his hand from his pocket quickly without the quarter, and without attracting the stranger's attention. Then we all shook hands and called for a mixture that contained the juice of limes fresh from the tree. For a half hour we two were kept busy answering questions about matters in the States, and then the stranger said:

"Well, say, I'm so glad to see you that I've forgotten to be courteous. My name is C. R. Dugan, and I'm a prospector. I guess they'd remember me in half a dozen old mine campa in the States, but I did not mean to take up all your evening. Oblige me by taking another drink and then I'll hunt a clothing store."

The next day, changed in appearance beyond recognition by his visits to barber and elothier, he came to me again, and here is the story of his wanderings:

"With one of Barrera's old maps of Peru and Ecuador for a guide—it's the best, though a very erroneous map of the country made, but long since out of brint—I left Guavaquli in October, 1880, en route to Quito. As the roads to that city have often been described, I need only say that I went by route to the north of Chimborazo, where the trail rises I4,000 feet above the sea and at that elevation crosses a moraine—a bed of sand that is as level as a race course, and over which one must pass before II o'clock in the morning to avoid freezing to death. Men have actually been

fore 11 o'clock in the morning avoid before 11 o'clock in the morning to avoid freezing to death. Men have actually been found there frozen dead astride a mule. I might add, too, that the trail passes through the great quinine district, and that Quito has about 45,000 inhabitants, instead of 60,000, as commonly reported.

"At Quito one gets good horses to carry him.

"At Quito one gets good horses to carry him to Papalacta—1. c., the potato land, but never a potato could I get there. It is a journey of two and a half days through a beautiful country. From the Guamine pass, thirty-three miles from Quite, one looks down into the valley of the Amazon. Two or three villages are passed en route, and Papalacta is found about forty miles in a line east southeast from Quite.

"So far my journey had no real hardship in it. I found that Papalacta centained about forty well-built houses. It stands on the slope of Mt. Antasano, 1,000 feet above Quite, Tha elimate is exceedingly cold, and the principal features of the scenery are the basalt and sandstone precipiese and ledges.

"From Papalacta the journey has a serious

sandstone precipies and ledges.

INDIANE THAT NEVER STEAL.

"From Papalacta the journey has a serious aspect. One must travel from thirteen to fifteen days to reach Napo, including four days for rest. It is a journey on foot over an Indian trail where one fords rivers and wallows through swamps and bogs, using a macheta most of the time to cut away the vines that obstruct the path. I had seventeen loads of cargo-that is, it took seventeen men to carry my outfit, but the trail was so vie that some of these had to be dropped by the wayside, and I did not recover them until three months after. That I got them at all may astonish the reader, but those Indians never steal.

"Fourteen days from Papalacta I reached Archildona, the capital of what the Peuadorians, call their Provincia Uriental. It has a population of 2,000, sil Indians, and ten soldiers, besilies some Jesuit priests and four distress of Charity, who conduct schools for boys and girls. It is a town not often seen by white men. It stands in a piain on the Missawalli River 2,000 feet above the sea. The pains fall from January to June almost steadily, and showers come during the rest of the year. The thermometer stands at 77 Pahrenheit aimost without change. It is a healthy place, but the sand flies are a plague and the leaf-carrying ants are not much less. The people—they are Quito Indians—are san interesting race, the men being tall and slender, the women short, wide-hipped, timid, and homely, and both of a dark red color.

From Archidona a good road runs to Port Napo, sixteen miles away on the Napo River. One passes on the way Tenna, a thriving village on the Tenna River, which has eight families of Equadorians, besides its Indians, No one can tell the exact population of Napo. The Napo Indians are not wholly trustworthy. They sometimes attack white men, but I saw forty or fifty houses in the actitement. The Napo River is the actitement. The Napo River is the actitement. The Appa River is a page and has a flow-mile current.

A HERMIT PROM CONNECTICUT.

and has a five-mile current.

A Helmitt From Connecticut.

A Mile away from Port Napo, a fributary, the Yusapino. Hows into the Napo River, and in the forks between these streams lives a remarkable hermit. Mr. George Edwards, formerly of Connecticut. Ho has been there for thirty-five years. He formerly cultivated wanlila beans, but in 1897, when there was a violent cruption of Colonaxi, the lava melted such immense quantities of snow that a wast flood came down the river. The water rise to the second-story of Mr. Edwards's house. He took refuge in a tree, and was for a time in great danger. He lost 5.640 vanilla plants in the flood, and abandoned the business. He now raises plantans, yuccas, potatoes, corn, rice, cotton, cane, and onions, good coffee grows near by although Napo is but 1.450 feet above the sea. Tobacco, various fruits, and the best of pincapiles grow there with little care. I was two weeks with Edwards, and I can assure any American going there that a royal welcome is in waiting. Fort Napo is the head of canoe navigation, and can be reached, of course, by way of the mouth of the Amazon.

While I was there the small-pox broke out, and the Indians fled to the mountains to build huts and wait till Mong, their evil spirit of the disease, goes away. Their homes are called tambos, and are huts built of canes inshed together with vines over charred posts thrust into the ground and roofd with a thatch of palms. Edwards has a two-story house, as an Ecuadorian family aamed Lopez have in Napo, but the Indians have only little ones. Four

times a year a priest comes to held services and perform the marriage rites. There is a grand flests then, but the Indiass are more alraid of their own gods than they are of the perdition the priest tells about. No matter, they are strictly honest.

"Leaving Napo, I went down stream by cance 180 miles or more to Lacoco, where Señor Javier Moran, the principal rubber merchant of the Napo fliver, lives. The Payomino and Lacoca rivers flow into the Napo here, and it was at this point that Pizarro built a brigantine and sent Lieut Orillana in it down to the Amazon. Moran has some old tools which he found near his house, tools undoubtedly left by Pizarro where the vessel was built.

OBEAT PLA E FOR SNAKES AND LIGHTNING.

"I began my prospecting at this point by go-

left by Fizarro where the vessel was built.

GREAT PLA E FOR SNARES AND LIGHTNING.

"I began my prospecting at this point by going in a cance for two and a half days up the Paromino liver. I found nothing, so I went for eight days up the Punino, a sluggish stream that comes from a spur of the Andes. I found a wild region at the head of cance navigation. I was there in April, the season of the greatest rainfall. The liash of lightning and the roar of thunder were almost continuous. I saw many trees struck and destroyed by lightning. It is without doubt, too, the worst place for snakes in the world, and I had great difficulty in persuading the Indians to take me there, and greater-difficulty in keeping them when once we had arrived. It is wholly uninhabited, though turkeys and other easily obtained game and fish are found in the greatest abundance. The Indians say it is the home of the devil. I prospected over the Wagra Ureu range, which traditions say, is full of coarse gold. I remained thirty-five days, working faithfully, and I found only thin, light seales of gold, here and there a color, in the sand bars of the stream. There was not enough to pay even day wages and I had to give it up. I was not dry for a minute during that whole trip, which lasted to the middle of June. A side excursion on another stream brought a like result.

"I remained in what you might call Moran's region on the Napo in all four months. The streams all show a little fine gold, but there are no hills for hydraulies, no amount of gravel, but only little sedimentary deposite washed down from the Langanati range.

"Descriptions of course, gold in quartz there,"

washed down from the Langanati range.

LOST TREASURISA.

"There is, of course, gold in quartz there, but if any man can get to the range he is a good one. The Langanati range is a spur of the Wamini, a great mountain. There is a lake somewhere in there. They wanted me to go to it for the treasures of which Hansarick's 'Fourteen Years Among the Spanish-Americans' tells. The place is sixty miles east of Ambato, if you want to make the trip at any time, but it is the most broken, mountainous region in the world, and covered with solid woods without food or inhabitants. I would have tried it, however, had I believed the yarn.

THE SEA ROLLED HERE.

THE SEA ROLLED HERE. "It is worth noting that in my explorations in this region I found plenty of ocean shells. That was once the bed of the sea, as was also the region of the Tigre River. From Lacoca, where Moran lives, a four-mile current helped us along for four days to Tiputino, where I found a white man in the rubber business, and then I went on for eight days to the mouth of the Aguarico, where I found an English hermit raising dane and making rum. He had bought a machine from the Marshalls of New York city, but a goar wheel had been lost on the way, and he did not know what alied his outfit, and was having no end of trouble.

York city, but la gear wheel had been lost on the way, and he did not know what alled his outfit, and was having ne end of trouble.

"A few days more brought me to the Courarai, which like the Napo, rises on the flanks of the Cotopaxi volcans. Below that I did not see a human being till the Amazon was reached. I was twenty-one days paddling from Laceca to the Amazon, and it was a journey well worth making by any tourist. Turkeys and other game abound, and we had plenty. I shot a big owl, which my Indians ate. There are plantains and yuccas everywhere in patches where they have been planted by the Indians, and grow without care. The yucca is a root superior to the Dotato. We caught blenty of flsn, some of which were equal to trout. The sabol is a splendid fish, Turtles are found in great numbers. The Indians get from 75 to 125 eggs from a nest and preserve them in sait. They also catch and smoke a kind of fish called piche, that is better than codfish. They use spears, hooks, and nets, which they get of the whites, for fishing. My Indians made a curious drink of the yucca. They chewed the boiled root into a paste, split into a trough, put it into pots covered with plantain leaves, let it forment three days, and then as they wanted it mixed it with water in a gourd. It made a drink that tasted like fresh buttermilk. It is a drink on which one can travel without other food.

"At night, when we camped, the night birds came like moths to the fire and alighted upon us as we tried to sleep. The jaguars came about the camp and roared, whereat the Indians became entirely silent. They believe that the spirits of the bad men of their own tribe pass into the jaguars, or become jaguars at death. We were never attacked by these beasts in camp and roared, whereat the Indians became entirely silent. They believe that the spirits of the bad men of their own tribe pass into the jaguars, or become jaguars at death. We were never attacked by these beasts in camp and of great tribe once called santa Marias and Aguieros from the tri

where food cost something of great.

"It is sixty miles, two and a half days' travel, from the mouth of the Napo up to Iquitos, a thriving town of 1,000 people, on the Amazon. Branches of wealthy European rubber houses are loc ated there, and many steam launches are employed gathering rubber from the forests along the many streams of the river. They get the white rubber, the best quality there. Food probably costs more considered. river. They get the white rubber, the best quality, there. Food probably costs more there than at any place on earth, but everything was particularly high when I was there because of a flood that had destroyed many plantations. Thus a bunch of plantains cost \$1, which in ordinary times brings 10 cents. But the ordinary prices are the highest I know of. A can of condensed milk sells for 70 cents, fresh meat for from 25 to 35 cents a pound, and bad butter for \$1.25 a pound. Fish swam in the river, but a pair of sabalos brought a dollar. It is a coffee country, but a pound of coffee prings 80 cents; its a region of sugar cane, but sugar fit for coffee is soid for 35 cents a pound. And yet a laborer can get only one dollar a day for wages.

A LONG CANOR JOURNEY.

lee is sold for 31 dents a pound. And yet a laborer can get only one dollar a day for wages.

A LONG CANOE JOURNEY.

"After remaining at Iquitos for six weeks to rest I started up the Tigre River. An American named William Mosier, who has been twenty years in Iquitos, and Joseas Deagula, a son of old Don Joseas Deagula of San Regis, whose name appears in a book or two on the Amazon, went along. The old Don has a whole tribe of Indians at work for him, and the young man talks the Indian languages well. We went four days up the Tigre to one of the old Don's trading posts in a steam launch and there took two cances and nine Colamas Indians to shove them, and we kept showing for forty-seven days up the Tigre when we at last arrived at the mouth of the Pinduaco. There we rested several days and then went for seven days up the Pinduaco to a pass called Baradero—which means pass or carry.

"Leaving the cances and some provisions."

then went for seven days up the Finduago to a pass called Baradero—which means pass or carry.

"Leaving the cances and some provisions here we started overland through the forest carrying our outfit, and after marching five and a half days, during which time we forded or crossed on trees twenty-six streams, we reached the Bombanaza River, our destination, in good health, although rain fell continuously. Traditions said the stream was marvellously rich in gold and we did not mind the discomforts, you know.

"On reaching the stream we struck a trail and followed it down to an Indian settlement called Juanquire. It was a new town, and had been made by six or seven families of Canelos Indians, who had come to that wild region, twescape from a priest they did not like.

"We found there only two people, two young married women. They gave us yucca, corn, and chicha, set apart one side of their house for us, and did everything possible to make us for us, and did everything possible to make us frightened. Mosier and I were the first real white men they had ever seen. They were surprised at the sight of our beards.

Savage MURDERERS.

white men they had ever seen. They were surprised at the sight of our beards.

"After breakfasting on a good soup they told us how they imponed to be there alone. A party of Huambisas had come up the Morona liver on a foraging and killing expedition. Iteaching a small tributary from the north they turned and came overland to the Hombanaza, arriving opposite this little village. There they called for canoes, and the husbands of these two women, being the only men in the town at the time they extwere hunting, went over with canoes and brought the party, eleven men, armed with iron-pointed spears, across the stream. They said they were out hunting wild hogs, which abound there, and atted in a most friendly fashion.

"So the women prepared a great feast, and for several hours the strangers ate and drank and smoked. Then, at about 3 o'clock P. M. as all sat in a circle about a fire in the house, two got up, as if to stretch themselves, and without any warning, grasped their spears and stabled to death the two men who had made them welcome. Then they cut off the heads of their victims, and, with these and such spears, nets, Ac. as they could find about the place, they went away up the stream in the canoes that had brought them over, leaving the women to dig holes in the carth, wran the headless bodies in rude cloth of their own weaving, and bury them.

"As they told their stors the women moaned and sobbed in a most pitful way. We were armed with four Winchesters and as many six-shooters, and Mosier wanted to chase up and annihilate the savages, but Don Joseas would not stus. He said we would be ambushed and destroyed. Hesides, it's none of our business, he added. We had a notion to go anyhow at that but as the war party had three days start of us, we let them go.

"The legronias and Huambisas Indians of that region are implacable desperadoes, while

the Murstar are almost as bad. They Hill
whoever and wherever her sen out of pure
love of alaughter. The Misrones on the start
tart, are for the start has a start of the
tart, are for the start has a start of the
tart, are for the start of the start of the
tart of the start of the start of the start of the
tart of the start of the start of the start of the
start of the start of the start of the
the force (the start of the start of

I sould get any one to carry my outilt.

FINE TORACCO.

"South of Moyabamba is Tarapota, where the best tobacco in the world for eigarettes grows. It sells for \$1 a pound in Tarapota.

"From Moyabamba I went to Chachapoyas, over a trail in which I was several times up to my armpits in mud and slush. They have a college at Chachapoyas, and I had a talk with the head teacher. What do you think? He did not know slate from granite; he had no idea of a thermometer, and neither know no cared anything about even the greatest cities of America or Europe.

GOLD NUMBETS HERE.

cared anything about even the greatest cities of America or Europe.

GOLD NUGGETS HERE.

"Eventually I reached Callao, and after a stay of some time I started by the way of Santa Rosa and Loja to Yangaria in the Andes, where the engineers who were surveying a line for the intercontinental rallroad had to turn back. It is a valley there, which for broken country would make any man from the gorges of the Rockies open his eyes. I got over to the Rio Caucho and found some gold, and proved to my own satisfaction that near Cuenca there are placer diggings with grains of gold as big as kernels of corn—plenty of it. But the Indians have it, and the white man that can get his spoon into that pudding is a good one."

Dugan said that on the whole he had come out loser by about \$3,500 in three years and a half, but he did not mind the loss of either time or money. He foundample compensation in the experience. He spent's good many days where even those balf-breed rubber gatherers had never dared to go, and had proved the falseshood of all the tales of vast placer deposits of gold save the one last mentioned. He enjoyed himself in the wild country among those Indians as well as he ever did anywhere, and If he ever loses his grip on civilization, he is going back and spend his life among the canelos on the east slope of the Andes.

WHY HANK WASN'T HANGED. His Seemly Regard for Appearances Impressed the Camp.
From the Anaemda Shandard.

Promite Anisomic Standard.

When Hank Taylor was puton trial at Strawberry Hills for killing Steve Brown he pleaded guilty, and in a sneech to the crowd he said:

"In course you'll hang me. I expect it, and shall be disappointed if you don't. But I want it understood right now that I hov rights."

"What be them rights, prisoner?" queried Bill Totten, who was acting as Judge.

"Waal, I want to be hung with a new rope. I was brought up re-pectably and I want to die that way. Then I want to wear a biled shirt, I was brung up to wear biled shirts, and I don't want to disgrace the fam'ly. I want to be shaved, to have my hair combel and parted in the middle, and I insist on Zeke Gooper lendin me his new butes. That's my rights, and I shall insist on 'em.

"Frisoner, hain't you just a little too partis' ar?" inquired the Judge. "Hain't it puttin' this 'ere camp to a good deal of extratrouble for no real benefit? Wherare we goin' to get a biled shirt, for instance?"

I dunno, but we hev got to hev one. Do you s'pose I'm goin' to bring up in the other world with this red shirt on? They wouldn't let me stake a claim or set up a shanty."

"How are you goin' to be shaved, when we hain't got no razors in camp? We kin furnish you some grease and a comb, but thar can't be no shavin."

"Got be." replied Hank. "I hain't goin' over the divide lookin' like a wolf with his wintor fur on. And as fur grease, I want reg lar bar's ite. I am bound ta look just as purty as I kin."

"Zeke, will you lend him your butes?"

asked the Judge.

"Naw! Louid never feel easy in 'em."

"Then I don't hang." retorted the crisoner.

"Mind you, boys. I hain't denyin' that I killed Steve, whom everybody knows was a provokin', cantankerous cuss and orter been killed long ago, and I hain't kiekin' as to what will follow. I'm jest stickin' out fur my rights. S'posin' any one o' you was goin' to arrive in the other worlds a tenderfoot, wouldn't you want to look fairly decent?"

"That's so, that's so," mused the Judge. "In course, te'll be known that you cu

+ CHEERLESS A PATHETIC MEETING OF THE LAST OF THE NARRAGANSETTS.

> Firmly Belleving that They Have a Just Million-dollar Claim Against Rhode Island for a Long Strip of the Seaconst, the Remnant of the Tribe Meet Again in Council and Assert Their Confidence that This Time They Will be Justly Treated. From the Providence Daily Journal, By newspaper notice and by the mail there

were summoned yesterday to the old reserva-

tion at Charlestown, in this State, the few sur-

viving remnants of the once powerful Narra-

gansett tribe of Indians. Within the shadows of the trees which mark the resting place of the old chiefs, but a few hundred feet from the cemetery where the son of old Canonicus is buried, the aged Indians and their numerous descendants met in council-a powwow they called it. The day was spent in a discussion of a claim they have against the State of Rhode Island, for this was the purpose of their gathinstitute, of the accompanion of the city would not be a companion of the city of the city and the city of th

hat time. It would have been a great deal that time. It would have been a great deal easier to have wont.

These are the facts and the story of the claim. It seems almost cruel to even intimate to these old men who have at least an evidence of right upon their side, that the matter will likely never be adjusted. Yet it seems that way. If the claim was less, certainly it might stand a better chance of being adjusted, though from the Indian standpoint it couldn't be less. They have seen no reason, however, to doubt that the matter will finally be settled.

"It was through the kindness of the Narra-gansett Indians." says Mr. Ammons, that Roger Williams remained in Rhode Island. I believe justice will be done us."

Mr. Ammons is Chairman of the committee appointed yesterday to confer with the legislative committee. This was the result of the day's council.

ADIRONDACK HYGIENICS.

Consumptives in Summer Camps and Warm Winter Quarters Here Find Restoration From Their Maindy—Tariff on Visitors, Some hundreds of invalids in various stages of ill health are now gathered into winter quarters at one point or another in the Adirondack region. Fifteen years of persistent urging by doctors who know what they are talking about and by some other folks who do not, has sent a constantly increasing stream of consumptives to the Adirondacks in search of health. No conscientious physician recommends camp life or even the comparative luxury of an Adirondack hotel to a really dying man or woman; but consumptives do die even in the Adirondacks. "One Lung Alley" was the name sportively given by the consumptives at one hotel to a part of the building occupied by half a dozen young men in specially bad condition. This grim piece of humor lasted well through the winter, but by that time it had lost its significance, as seven out of the eight patients in that part of

the hotel had died.

Many of the Adirondack hotels are anxious that they shall not be known as resorts for invalids. It is quite as profitable to serve pleasare-seeking well folks as pallid consumptives. and the presence of the latter tends to keep away the former. One hotel closed for a winter with the special object of driving away unwelcome guests. When it opened next summer the proprietor caused the rumor to go abroad that no invalid need apply.

There are some scores of persons who are at their best only in the Adirondacks, and who are, so to speak, under physical sentence of banishment to that region for life or for a term of years. There are others who may be called ticket-of-leave men. After years in the Adirondacks they cautiously venture out now and then for a winter in southern Europe or a short and perilous visit to the sea line. and the first-named class constitute the permanent invalid population, if men and women who look as robust as the strongest and somemay be called invalids. These permanent residents have learned the art of Adirondack invalidism. After wintering and summering in the mountains from five to fifteen years, they know just how to live, and if well off they live very well. They find camp life the best thing, and with them camp life means usually lodging in tents or "open" camp from July to October and wintering in a hotel or well-built rustic cottage. The science of camping is at their fingers' ends. The open camp. which is recommended to invalids of fair strength on first going to the region, is a barkbuilt house or room open on one side, and that side facing southwest. This camp, and any other intended for invalids is, if possible, built on a sandy knoll some feet above the

clase of stream that furnishes the mode of appines, but not too much shaded, is selected. The invalid sleeps on a bed of talsam pine boughs, underlaid by a sheet of rubber. Such a lodging becomes very damp during the long is necessary when the sun shines to hang out the blankest to air and dry. The boughs of the bed must be frequently renewed. The promisence of the long of the bed must be frequently renewed. The promisence of the consumptive cough, save perhaps for a few minutes in the sporting prefers a tent to the open camp. The best tents are stretched of the consumptive cough, save perhaps for a few minutes in the sporting prefers a tent to the open camp. The best tents are stretched on the consumptive cough, save perhaps for a few minutes in the sporting tent of July and the middle of October. Some the open camp which is merely a refreat from the oppressive physical and social atmosphero of a crowded hotel.

It might be possible, but it would not be all winter in camp. Some camps are provided with substantial log and pine-siab houses, which are thoroughly delightful in summer and autumn, but which are sometimes buried with a state of the s

A Bargain. From Puck

Treetop—There is a ticket for two that will come good when we go to Central Park; I got it from a feller on the street for half price.

Hayrick—My. but you are a smooth one!
What's it fer?
Treetop—To go up inside o' the obelisk.

THE STORY OF AN APACHE GRAVE, Two Cowardly Sentrice Whose Craves Shot

APACHE TEJU, N. M. Oct. 2.-Lying just south of the Black Range, and midway between the Santa Rita and Burro Mountains, Apache Teju has seen something of nearly every notable outbreak of Apaches that has occurred in New Mexico. The spring from which the ranch takes its name, is one of the principal water holes in this part of Grant county, and was naturally well known to all roving Apaches. The stream that flows from the spring is large enough to irrigate several acres of alfalfa and water thousands of cattle and horses. Many years ago, before railroads crossed the plains, Apache Teru was on one of the main stage routes, and the Government established here

> ford protection to stages and to emigrants. The troops at Fort McLane had plenty to do The stage road ran through a narrow pass near Cook's Peak, about twenty miles east of here, and when the Indians were troublesome the stage often came in bespattered with the blood of passengers, and sometimes it failed

a frontier post, known as Fort McLane, to af-

proud. The Masson farm and vineyards are in the town of Pultney, overlooking Lake Keuka. When the ducklings were a few days old the young hen mother wandered with them

young non mother wandered with them toward the lake. The ducklings to sooner came in sight of the water than they toddled toward it unumindful of the calls of their mother or her great distress and agitation.

They plunged into the water and went at once to the full enjoyment of their natural element. The hen ran up and down along the shore, calling frantically to her brood, and manifesting her distress in many ways. But the ducklings paid no attention to her and sported their fluify little solves about in the shore, calling regrous water, the hen quieted down, and it was not long before she seemed to be enjoying the anties of the ducklings in the lake as much as they were themselves.

She watched them intentity, occasionally uttering low and contented clucks, until at last the ducklings were satisfied with their sport and came out and rejoined their guardian, who led them back home again. Every day after that the len took her brood to the lake bright contents and the stood by and watched them sood by and watched them sood by and watched them of the scone as activationed to the cally pleasure in watching the young ducks in the lake until they grew out of her care, and even then she occasionally strolled down to the water and watched them for an hour or so as they swam and dived.

The next spring the hen was set on eggs of her own kind and hatched a fine brood of efficks. The first thing she did when she gold and when they showed be find him was to lead you for the water, and tried all of her henly powers of persuasion on them to induce them to go in. Failing in that she presently picked up and they were them to go in. Failing in that she presently picked up and the chick and to she in her health and tried to induce them to go in. Failing in that she presently picked up and the chick and to she had the health and the hea

OUTLAWRY IN EAST OREGON.

A REGION WHERE THE TYPICAL BOR-DER RUFFIAN STILL SURVIVES.

Daring Work by a District Attorney of Nerva -A Few Shots with Which Tom McCarty Surprised a Constable Who West to Ar-rest Him-Honor Among Luntilla Thieves.

Strange as it may seem, horder outlawry in its most aggravated form still prevails in eastern Oregon. Regularly organized gangs. whose daring equals that of the James or Dal-ton boys and whose system of operation is in-finitely superior, pursue their nefarious business in open deflance of the law, and even threaten to kill officers of the law who have ventured to prosecute them. Five years ago these gangs were more numerous than at present, and they terrorized the good citizens of the eastern section of the State without fear of consequences. In vain did the District Attorneys and other officers attempt to bring them to justice. All their efforts were futile, for even when they captured the offender and had him duly arraigned the injured party,

The stage road ran through a narrow pass near Cook sheek, shoult treatly miles east of here, and when the Indians were troubles one has a consequence and somewhere it in the stage of the

and I won't now, but you'll have to leave this vicinity or I'll violate a law. Don't you think you had better go?" The officer thought so, and went, after leaving his weapons with Tom. Tom McCarty arrived in Baker City eight years ago with about \$30,000, which, he said, he had made in a stock deal. It is supposed that he got the money by robbing a bank, and went to Baker City with the intention of beginning a new life. Gambling, however, was his passion and ruin. He began "bucking the tiger," and one night he arose from a farotable after having lost his last dollar. Several bank robberies occurred, and the size of Tom's purse increased with surprising rapidity, but dollars with the same rate of speed when he missay the said of the surprising rapidity, but dollars with the same rate of speed when he missay the said of the surprising rapidity, but dollars with the same rate of speed when he missay denied that they committed the Rosina Bank robbers. The latter wrote a letter to District Attorney Hyde from Pocatello, Idaho, declaring his innocence and stating that he would return and stand trial only he was afraid that his family would starve during his enforced absence.

Billy McCarty's wife was as brave as any man in the gang. Some months ago, when it was reported that Billy and Tom had returned, their house was surrounded by Sheriff Conde of Baker county, ex-Chief of Police Faries of Denver, and sixteen men, armed with Windows and the same surrounded by Sheriff Conde of Baker county, ex-Chief of Police Faries of Denver, who had plied their venture near the woman was the sole occupant. "Thur's a nice gang out there. Why, either Tom or littly would when them from the face of the earth."

Was her greeting. "Why." she continued, in a contemptious tone, "I would do it myself with a broomstick."

In Umatilla county, three years ago, there were three separate and distinct gangs of horse and cartie thieves, numbering twenty-five men, who had plied their vocation for yours without heart with the county at the product of

On the Road.

From Purk. Tattersall - Wot ye been doin', Wrag zee'y?
Wragges-Travelin' with a theatre compat
Tattersall - What part did you play?
Wragges-Didn't play no part. I joined a
when they was walkin' back to town! I joined an